

NURSING IN MISSION STATIONS



WE give in full a report which has been sent us from Turkey.

REPORT OF THE ESSERY MEMORIAL ORPHANAGE, MONASTIR, TURKEY IN EUROPE

To the friends of children, who are scattered abroad, greeting!

I take it that the year permitted me to spend in the Essery Orphanage was given in fulfillment of the promise: "Neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him." Although you, dear friends, may never have the personal care of these children, I hope many of you may share the blessings their prayers bring to "those far away" who care for them.

The Essery Memorial Orphanage was named for the late Rev. W. A. Essery, Honorary Secretary of the Bible Lands Missions' Aid Society of London, which gave the funds for the purchase of the building. It was opened by the Rev. L. Bond, formerly of Monastir, to meet the exigencies following the uprising of 1903, when the distributors of relief to burned villages found many children left without their natural protectors. In speaking of their flight and hiding one said: "It never rained all the four months we were in the mountains, and besides that God kept the bears away. For whoever heard of people being so long in the mountains without meeting bears or wolves?"

We have about thirty children. Let me make you acquainted with a few of them in particular, and then with all in general.

Sandry (Alexander), then a four-year-old child bereft of both parents, was sleeping around from house to house in his village when Rev. E. B. Haskell found him over four years ago. He could talk but little owing to his deafness caused by a fall into an icy stream of water. Gradually his mind is developing. He can add sums very well but must ever learn anew how to subtract. One day I found him soundly pommelling a boy, "Because he called me 'dummy'!" None of us were aware that Sandry did not know how to pray till he confided in one of the girls and begged her to teach him, saying that although every night he assumed the attitude of prayer, as the other boys do, he said no words. Not long after this he was heard to pray: "Oh Lord, forgive my sins and help me to talk more clearly." When a reward of a piaster (four

cents) was offered to each child who finished his stint of knitting before Christmas, Sandry invested one-fourth of his capital in the prettiest picture post-card which he could find with great painstaking. It proved to be for an old beggar man, "Because I pity the poor."

Of course our Christmas celebration was a great event. Well-to-do children never could be so nearly crazy with joy over making colored paper chains, popcorn strings and festoons of ivy as these children were. Rev. W. P. Clarke has been like a father to this orphanage for the past four years, sparing neither his time nor money for its welfare. From the walls of his house the children gathered ivy till no more could be reached even with the ladder.

The teachers and girls of the American Girls' Boarding School (mission) sent over two fine geese bought with money saved by going without desserts. Joy and excitement had been running higher and higher for a week, but they reached their climax about dusk of the great day. It was decided that the children themselves decorate the tree, and Mrs. W. P. Clarke loaned a box of ornaments. When that box was opened and those tinsels, shining balls, silver stars and pictured angels appeared to view emotion overswept the bonds of verbal expression. The children just hopped up and down and y-e-l-l-e-d,—Sandry the loudest of all. It was worth a year of life to be present at that moment.

But alas, it is not always sunshine here. Of late we were shocked to discover that seventeen of the children had a very dangerous and contagious disease of the eyelids. The doctor said that the granules on the lids would harden, in time, and produce blindness unless cured, and that five of the children would need operations. This was trouble indeed! Peasant children are none too accustomed to self-control, but it was made a point of prayer and honor with them now. Dear Dosta prayed: "May we behave like children from a Christian family." For an hour that child lay on the operating table and endured like a Spartan. After two of the girls had been operated on I took occasion to remark to Eli that as he was a *boy* of course I didn't know whether he could endure pain as the girls had. "Those girls were so brave and so quiet," I added. Quick as a flash the youngster replied: "Of course girls haven't the voices we have. Now when I lie down on that table I shall yell so all Monastir can hear!"

The doctor told some one afterwards that Lenie (Ellen) Ivanova took his strength for three operations. Weak and nervous from Bright's disease, she scarcely could bring herself to lie down on the table. Immediately she began to talk to her unseen Helper as if the rest of us had not been present. She reminded Him of His promises to help those in

trouble. It was a scene one could never forget. As the pain grew worse, and her power of endurance less, she was reminded to pray for strength to keep quiet and "not hinder Gospodin (Mr.) Doetor in his work." Twice the doctor himself (Orthodox Roumanian) bade her pray. When it was all over the child thanked him and begged his pardon for the trouble she had caused him.

We cannot go on indefinitely giving incidents. In this "Christian home," the children have been trained, have regularly studied the Bible, and have far higher standards of truth, honesty, and brotherliness than they possibly could have received in their own homes. Now what is to become of them and of the orphanage? A cloud of debt for running expenses hangs over us which the trustees deem a threatening Providence, and hint that it indicates—closure. Some of us think that it is only an indication to bestir ourselves. By Easter the debt will be 500 dollars (£100). The children's fare is very plain, more so than is compatible with vigorous health for all, we fear. Aside from the annual contribution of £50 (250 dollars) from the Bible Lands Missions' Aid Society the orphanage is supported entirely by money raised by private solicitation. This burden has fallen almost wholly on the members of Monastir Mission Station, in addition to all their other work. Last year one of the missionary ladies gave the forty dollars which she received in Christmas gifts from her personal friends to buy clothing for the children.

You may ask what we plan for the children's future. We hope that the Thessalonica Industrial School may eventually receive the boys and train them in trades and farming, along with some academic studies. Those of the girls who seem most promising we hope may take the course in the excellent mission girl's school of this city, and become teachers or Bible women. We aim to give all the girls a practical knowledge of housework and plain sewing. Then they at least are fitted for service in their own or other people's homes.

The greatest need of all here is for some strong woman to be permanent matron; a woman of skill in practical lines, who can train girls and nurse the sick. She should also be capable of introducing other industries besides the knitting now done. The village embroidery might be turned to account in articles which Europeans or Americans would buy, and lace making, basket weaving, etc., might be made to help support the children.

But what individual or society will be responsible for the support of such a matron, and when may we begin searching for her? Inquiries on this or any other matter connected with the orphanage may be made of Rev. W. P. Clarke, Monastir, European Turkey. If you yourself

are up to the eyes in benevolences can you not interest some friend who is only up to the neck?

Any money intended for the orphanage may be sent direct to Rev. Mr. Clarke, or to F. H. Wiggin, Esq., Treasurer of the American Board, 14 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., with a request that it be credited Rev. W. P. Clarke for the Monastir Orphanage.

One day lately a little girl asked me: "Why don't our fathers rise from their graves and come back to us, if they are sorry for us because we are orphans?" We explained to the little maid that this isn't necessary because the great Father has enough of us left to care for her and the other orphans until they are able to care for themselves. Was I right?

MARY M. HASKELL,
Temporary Matron.



EGG POISONING.—*The Medical Record*, in a synopsis of a case reported in *The Lancet*, says: A. T. Schofield states that while egg poisoning is not rare he has been unable to find any record of cure. He reports the case of a boy of 13 years whose parents stated that he could not eat eggs in any form without poisonous symptoms. In the attacks there was first of all free secretion of saliva, the lips burned, the boy felt sick, itched, and was soon covered with an urticarial rash. He swelled all over, with puffy eyelids and lips, tight red swollen skin, and could hardly breathe from a sort of asthmatic condition. Raw egg would blister his skin. The author endeavored to remove this susceptibility and commenced his treatment by the constant administration of egg with a little calcium lactate added to stop the transudation. Pills were made containing two grains of the calcium salt and one ten-thousandth part of a raw egg. No eggs were permitted in his food and he was not allowed to know there was any egg in the pills. The egg proportion was gradually increased until in the course of six months he was able to consume an egg daily in his food, the pills being discontinued. The author says that some may think a great deal of trouble was taken to cure this idiosyncrasy, but when we remember that it was not connected with some rare food such as pineapple, which could easily be avoided, but with an article that enters into nearly all a schoolboy eats, and that his life had been more than once in danger from such food, it will be seen that the trouble taken was amply justified.